

ENGINEERS REVEAL DRA“MED”IC FACTS

Exposed!

THE QUAD IS MY BEAT

By Fighting Mac Himmer
(Boy Defective)

Hi. Fighting Mac Himmer is my name. I'm the guy that digs up the news when it's new. My motto is, "if it's gory or ghastly, it's got to be good." I fight, I blast, I crusade. Get the picture? Nobody is too tough for me. I dig up the news, see, and I print it as I see it, and nobody scares me.

The quad is my beat, see. There are things that go on around this campus, gentlemen, of which you hear nothing. My beat is at night and I get news. Here is the news a whole day ahead of the Gateway.

One of the nations most extensive dope rings, was uncovered last night when its ringleader Ralph S. Brinsmead alias Black Tom was captured in a running gun battle with Stu Fisher of the local Decency Squad. The chief of the Squad today awarded "Fish" the coveted Order of the Hot Clue and stated that "We need more outstanding men like yourself to keep the lid on campus corruption." In a signed confession Black Tom revealed the names of many campus wheels and the Gateway (under a new fighting editor) will investigate the ranks of Studio Theatre and S.C.M. as well as its own beat reporters.

It is my crusade to clean up the campus—and when I say clean up, I mean clean up. This campus stinks. Get the picture? We are here to study, gentlemen. There is too much booze around. Too many girls. Let's get rid of them. Get to work gentlemen.

As I was saying, in my crusade I tipped off the local Decency Squad about a drunken orgy in the Geology Lab. The Squad armed with 26's and me with my Press Brownie, crashed the party at 3:20 a.m. Amid smoke and broken crockery the entire reporting staff of the Gateway was apprehended along with well known campus political figures. I am printing neither names nor pictures because of space limitations and my room-mate and other acquaintances involved. I don't know what the outcome will be but I can guarantee this gentlemen, heads will roll.

More heads must roll on this campus, gentlemen. This used to be a good university, it isn't anymore. It's lousy. It's going to Hell. It stinks. Get the picture? We've all got to fight together. Shoulder to the wheel. Noses to the grindstone. Corruption to hell. So let's fight, damnit, **FIGHT!** fightfightfight.

The Engineers' GATEPOST

Undergraduate Publication of the
Engineering Students' Society

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EDMONTON

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1956

It Could Happen To You!



Cops Clueless?

By F. L. Atfoot

The cheerful chief of the honest homely homicide squad of the Campus police, who is investigating the untimely unexpected death of an enigmatically energetic engineering student who has been seen for the last time on Sept. 3rd of the year 19 and 55 on his way to the building where the meds remove slivers and so on, believes to have found some light in this mysterious case.

The cheerful chief told The Gatepost: "I don't believe that it is all pure Brazil coffee with this case. The instant I was informed that a

student was missing I thought that there could be some kind of mystery. Since he hasn't shown up yet the mystery becomes deeper.

See "POLICE" Page 2

Disappearance of Student Causes Alarm on Campus

By Gatepost Stiffwriter

The honest homely homicide squad of the Campus police is investigating the untimely unexpected death of a third year engineering student who has been seen for the last time on Sept. 3rd of the year 19 and 55 on his way to the building where the malicious meds remove slivers from the hand. In the characteristic cheerful way of engineering students he hailed a fellow student: "The quacks will quaver at the sight of some red corpuscles, but not me!"

Those were the last words any member of the enraged engineering faculty has heard from him, because now he is dead, not decent dead, no, dreadful dead.

As far as is now known to the staff of Canada's greatest newspaper (daily average paid circulation of the Gatepost during last week—Jan. 16-21—has been in excess of 9,999,999 according to the figures of the Plaudit Bureau of Flirtulation) the untimely unexpected death of this enigmatically energetic engineering student has a bit of mystery. According to a usually well informed source, who refused publication of his name, the dead student was in good health. Asked if the student wasn't really dead, the official look putted puzzled. "I don't understand you," he said, "I believe my statement to be quite clear and not leaving any room for questions."

NO OTHER CLUE

We have tried to dig up a few more facts on the case of the untimely unexpected death of this engineering student, but weren't able to find any other clue than a skull, said to be that of the above mentioned student. However, we weren't successful in trying to pry loose any more details from that skull. It stood on a table decked with a blue jacket, which bears the letters "U of A" and under those the word "ENGINEERS". Only the "of" is in lower case, the rest are capitals.

UNUSUAL CASE

A phrenologist we asked about the skull told us "I have seen the skull you are mentioning. A quite unusual case. I see that the cranium is missing as are two teeth in the upper left jaw. In the under right jaw I discovered two cavities. Obviously a dentist has been working for some time on these cavities, but was not yet ready with his work. The skull shows signs of having been handled with not too much care. My inference, after looking at this skull, is that the cranium has been taken off with a dull saw. About the origin of the skull I don't know anything and you shouldn't ask any questions about that part, because such doesn't belong to my domain. I am only interested in the skull, not how it came on that table. My first impression is that this skull must have been the skull of an enormously intelligent man, but more study is needed before any definite conclusions can be made. Prof. Dr. I. S. Brainy, whom I consulted, has the same opinion.

See "BRAINY" Page 7

Election Proclamation

Hear ye! Hear ye!

Be it known to all and sundry, and Engineers in particular that the election for the choosing of an Engineers' Queen will take place on Friday, Jan. 27, 1956, as hereinafter set forth:

1. Balloting will take place between the hours of eight-thirty in the morning and five-thirty in the afternoon.
2. Polls will be in the basement of the Engineering building on the campus of the University of Alberta.
3. All bona-fide members of the Engineering Students' Society, upon presentation of their ESS cards, will be eligible to vote.
4. Any members of the faculty of arts and science, faculty of medicine, faculty of law, faculty of agriculture or any other minor groups who may stray within sight of the polls on the aforementioned day, do so at their own risk. The Engineering Students' Society takes no responsibility for any injuries or drownings sustained.

STUDENTS

We'd like to see the day that:

Dr. McManus	Made a mistake.	Asked for a November exam.
Mr. Preston	Got a new set of mimeographed sheets for Drawing 6.	Stayed with us long enough for the mimeographing machine to wear out.
Dr. Ford	Forgot his little black box.	Couldn't see inside a black box.
Mr. Gads	Drew a perfect circle.	Found stars more useful than ornamental.
Prof. Blench	Carried a comb.	Really appreciated the "hydraulic bore."
Mr. Sinclair	Laughed at one of his puns.	Didn't come up with an answer at optimum density.
Mr. Peterson	Didn't want to knock off for coffee.	Didn't beat me to the caf.
Mr. Bouthillier	Left his pipe at home.	Like Underhill shaved.
Mr. Longworth	Brought some lecture notes to class.	Didn't complain about the length of a lab. exercise.

PROFS

We'd like to see the day that any student:

Where To Find It

Births—Taxicabs.
Deaths—Med's practice room.
Marriages—Just a little too late.
Bridge—Across the river.
Comics—Gatepost office boys.
Too Strict—M.S.
Financial—Artsman pays for beers.
Our Boarding House—Come in Gals.
Out our Way—Education males.
Radio-TV—Turn it off.
Sport—She's for me.
They'll do it Every Time—We Too!
Want Ads—You can get it another way.

THE GATEPOST

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Published annually under no authority of the Students' Union or any other misled organization.

All opinions expressed by the columnists in this paper are not necessarily those of the Engineering Faculty, the ESS, or the Gatepost staff and all articles herein contained are to be taken with a dose of salts.

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HONORARY PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The appearance of the Gatepost on the University Campus is usually one of the "events" of the year's extra-curricular activities. It represents the Engineers' entrance into the publishing field, and is referred to as the "Engineers' Gatepost".

While the title has very little to do with the subject matter, all campus groups have seemed very interested in previous editions. Some look for examples of engineers' wit; others keep a lecherous eye scanning for photographs; and there is always the sadistic (?) group looking for the joke that will cause banishment of the paper forever.

To most of us, however, the paper is intended as a pseudo-humorous publication — poking fun at the various campus institutions, including engineers. The message contained requires no elaborate analysis, let's have a little fun, and incidentally publicize the Engineers' Ball—an event which requires very little more publicity.

The effort required to put the paper out is often concealed in the frivolity of the contents, but we all know that it does require a great deal of work from students who usually have a very full study program, and by students who are more accustomed to think in mathematical symbols than in techniques of effective expression.

The appearance of this paper should serve as ample evidence that the accusations of illiteracy, uncouthness, and social inadaptability, often hurled at engineers, are completely unfounded and untrue. Here we have a group of engineers writing, vigorously editing stories, and even soliciting and obtaining advertisements.

Surely this publication will serve to show all students that Engineers possess many talents, often hidden, either by chance or a deep rooted sense of modesty, but nevertheless latent and available whenever the occasion arises.

D. PANAR,
Professor of Mechanical Engineering

QUEEN CAMPAIGN

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Re: ENGINEERS' BALL

In view of the concern expressed by the University administration towards the problem of liquor at the forthcoming Engineers' Ball, the Engineering Student's Society wishes to remind those attending the Ball of the following regulation:

SPECIAL REGULATION OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

(c) The use of, bringing or having of liquor on University premises, including residences, is strictly prohibited.
As sponsoring organization of the Engineers' Ball, the ESS will enforce this regulation to the best of its ability.

ESS Executive.

ENGINEERS HELP NURSES

Tuesday 17th of January, 25 engineers helped to set up the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic. Thanks a lot, fellows.

NURSES.

Warden: I've been in charge of this prison for ten years and that calls for a celebration. What kind of a party would you boys suggest?
Prisoners: Open house.

MIKE'S LINE

I would like to express my very sincere thanks to the boys who handled the advertising this year. They only had a very short time to do a lot of work, but they succeeded! Everyone else who contributed to the welfare of this Gatepost, the columnists, photographer, reporters, typists, without whose contributions this Gatepost would not have come into being also deserve special mention.

One of our rookie reporters doing a routine checkup on the disappearance of one of our fellow engineers turned up some startling facts. But what I would like you to notice is his style. So new, refreshing, vibrant, piquant! When asked how he acquired this gift he told me:

"Sir," he said, I have lived in this good city for eighteen years now and have always been an avid reader of that excellent source of information for everyone: our 'AIDMINTEN JOYNEL'.

We would like to wish some of the other publications peeping out at the same time as this one takes hold of dormant U of A, a very happy, carefree journey to the wastepaper basket.

It seems strange that the Gatepost's existence should facilitate the means of acquiring funds for one of these.

If the arrival of certain campus spirit is due to Engineers' Week, it most conclusively points out the origin of such spirit. May the Milk Parley be successful while the Engineers down their beers.

A clergyman and a truck driver found themselves in an automobile smashup. The truck driver told the padre what he thought of him in profane terms. When he paused for breath it was the clergyman's turn. "You know my good man, that I cannot indulge in your kind of language, but this much I will tell you: I hope that when you get home to-night your mother will run out from under the porch and bite you."

Lady (to streetcar conductor): Will I get a shock if I put my foot on the track?

Conductor: No, lady, not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire.

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Prof—"Why are you late?"
Student—"Class started before I got here."

Then there's the bachelor who got thrown out of the apartment when the landlady heard him drop his shoes on the floor twice.

She: Well, what excuse have you got for coming home at this hour?
He: Well, my dear, I was playing golf with a friend, and . . .

She: What? at 2 a.m.?
He: Yes, we were using night clubs.

Experiment

Preparation: May be summoned by a long low whistle.

Symbol: Curvacious.

Atomic Weight: Variable.

Physical Properties: Boils at nothing, freezes at anything, melts when properly treated, colorful, variable tastes, bitter if not used, sweet when pampered, must always have motorized transportation.

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CAUTION: Must be handled with care, highly explosive in inexperienced hands.
Statistics compiled by: I. Tried-One and Ive Triedemall.

Editor's Note: Awarded the Noble Prize for their experiment in this field.

Lady: Is your husband broad-minded?

Wife: Yes, the cad! That's all he seems to think about.

Girl: Will you take me out after we're married?

Guy: Of course, honey. You know I love to go out with married women.

BEST WISHES

to

the Candidates for Queen

and

to the Engineering Students' Society

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Police

Continued from Page 1

FACTS

Taking the facts on face vale we have found out:

1. A student is missing.
2. He has been seen on his way to one of the medical clinics.
3. He was apparently healthy on Sept. 2nd, 1955.
4. He had a small sliver in one of his fingers, but till now I have never seen that mentioned in the statistics as a cause of death.
5. He was an engineering student and engineering students are known as seriously studying. Bridges and buildings have to be built solidly; therefore engineers have to know their trade. That is not so in all professions . . .
6. He has been missing now for a hundred and forty-five days. Therefore we can take for granted that he won't show up anymore.

These are important facts. However, the whole squab squad is on the beat and we have some leads. We are looking for a fellow on the campus who wears a white coat now and then. When we can lay our hands on him, I believe that we will be on the brink of solving this mysterious case, the mysteriousest case I have ever encountered in all my years with the police.

Doll's Dream Shattered

By Gatepost Staff Writer

In the case of the missing engineering student, which case is in the hands of the homicide squad of the Campus police no light can be given by the girl friend of the missing student. We found her sitting at the table on which the skull is standing. She cried and sobbed uncontrollably. After we had offered her a cigarette, she stopped crying, but still she was unable to say one word.

When she started talking we took hastily the few sheets cut off rejected newsprint with which our pudgy publisher generously provides us on our beat and took to shorthand. The following is the true translation of what we jotted down.

"How I enjoyed . . ."

Silence.

" . . . his genius . . ."

Silence.

"How he did . . ."

Silence again.

" . . . live up . . ."

Long period of silence.

" . . . to the expectations . . ."

Silence.

Silence.

" . . . of his parents . . ."

parents . . ."

Silence.

" . . . All his professors . . ."

Silence.

" . . . were awed by his prodigious

brains . . ."

Long silence.

" . . . He was the fellow . . ."

Silence.

" . . . I . . . we needed . . ."

Long period of silence.

" . . . No badness was . . . in him . . ."

Silence again.

"Summa cum laude . . ."

Silence.

"He went far over that top . . ."

"The beasts . . . the beasts . . . they have . . ."

Prolonged silence.

"They have nearly . . ."

Silence.

" . . . nearly made . . ."

Long period of silence.

" . . . me . . . a . . . widow."

The girl started crying again. I doubted if the legs under her chair could stand all that rocking, but miraculously they endured the ordeal.

When the crying stopped, the girl murmured:

"You were . . . the best . . . of the whole . . . varsity."

Prolonged silence.

"The beasts . . . two years later . . . I would've been . . . a widow . . . for only a sliver."

Three girls who stayed at the same house got married at the same time. Before going on their respective honeymoons, they each gave their landlady five dollars, and agreed that the one who sent her the best comment by telegram on married life would collect the fifteen dollars on their return. The landlady in due course received three telegrams. One said 'Coca-Cola,' another 'Chase and Sanborn,' and the third 'March.' We'd tell you what the telegrams meant, but any engineers reading this paper will have enough imagination to figure it out for themselves, and the rest of you can ask them.

—O—

Professor (irritated)—"If there are any more morons in the room, please stand up."

A long pause, and a lone freshman rose.

Professor—"What, do you consider yourself a moron?"

Freshman—"Well, not exactly that sir; but I do hate to see you standing all alone by yourself."

—O—

"Mr. Jones," asked the instructor, "how far were you from the correct answer?"

"Only three seats, sir."

—O—

Joe—"I'm tired. I was out with a nurse last night."

Jack—"Cheer up. Maybe your mother will let you go out without one, sometime."

—O—

Prof—"What do you know about Spanish syntax?"

Stude—"Gosh, I didn't know they had to pay for their fun."

—O—

Senior (at a basketball game)—"See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man next year."

Co-ed—"Oh, darling, this is so sudden!"

—O—

"What is college bred, Pop?"

"College bread is a four-year loaf made from the flavor of youth, and the old man's dough."

—O—

Professor—"What is nitrate of sodium?"

Stude—"Half the day rate, I suppose."

—O—

"For goodness sake, use both hands," shrilled the co-ed in the auto.

"I can't," said her escort. "I have to steer with one."

—O—

Census taker: "How many bushels of corn did you raise last year?"

Hilbilly: "Didn't bushel it—we bottled it."

—O—

Mary: Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

Harry: Now that you mention it, you do look familiar.

BOSOM BOUNCE

By Confidential Cora



These days, I think the H-line the Line, although few girls I've seen looks like H—! and the A-line is for Aggies! I'm for going back to the good old days for the feminine styles, the B-line—plenty of Bosom and Bustle, so you look as good going as you do coming, and the men look. The men will make a bee-line for the girl with the B-line, as they always have not matter what the current style.

How to get that Line? Go to your nearest department store, buy some cotton batting and batten down your hatches, being sure to get it evenly distributed as the B also stands for Balance. You owe it to your public to get that OGEE curve just right.

For outdoor sports, wear a Bulky-knit sweater with slacks horizontally striped to help with the illusion of

Head Cook: Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?

Assistant: I did. It was exactly half past ten.

—O—

Inebriate: What I wanna know is why I been arrested?

Desk sergeant: You've been brought in for drinking.

Inebriate: Thash different. Let'sh get shtarted.

—O—

Customer (to waitress with hoarse voice): Do you have larfyngitis?

Waitress: If it's on the menu, we have it.

—O—

"Do you serve women at this bar?"

"Nope, you have to bring your own."

little earlier than 4:30. At 4:10, you are standing outside a door in the North Lab.

Finally the door opens and the top man in your class strides out—cool, confident, (nailed job).

At 4:20, you take a deep breath and burst in, removing the door from its hinges. Prop door up—slides down—props up—slides down—remove shoe and wedge under door—turn and face smiling man who turns back to list after glancing at his watch. He looks up, motions to a chair and writes notes on your predecessor. You crane your neck—vas ist das?—a great report. He looks up and sees you staring at his notes.

Interview: He says something. You nod. He assumes you know a lot about his company. You nod. He asks a question you can answer. You start to talk, just as planned.

You knew you could talk like this—calm—cool—just as planned—didn't mean to say that—time to stop talking—stop talking—

STOP BABBLING YOU FOOL

This last is roared at the interviewer, who lurches, shrugs, and laughs.

He lights a cigarette, and, observing the way you follow the wisps of smoke with your nose, making like a vacuum cleaner, offers you one. No thanks—don't smoke. He talks, you sweat. As he pauses, you stand up, grab his thumb, shake it and bolt for the door.

Department stores need stock-takers next summer.

Husband: Last night I dreamt I saw you running off with another man.

Wife: And what did you say?

Husband: I asked him what he was running for.

HELP....! MR. MORGAN!

By Meno Executive

As you stroll down the hall of the Engineering Building you ponder on the subject of summer employment. What you want, you feel, is gainful employment and an opportunity to gain experience in the field of your choice. Thinking about last night, you wander into a billboard and somebody pins a notice to you.

This concerns you! The Left Handed Glockenspiel Co., Canada, Ltd., (Deadwood, Alberta) has openings for Engineering students like you, and their agent will be on the campus interviewing students soon.

This may be it—and, although the thought of work repels you, it's gotta be done sooner or later. Experience—yeah—experience and hard, cold, kale.

They need you. Just last year you read that article about companies

requiring thousands of engineers. (Just last week you read that article about organizations taking a liking to artsmen—comforting?)

You find the employment office and are given forms to fill out. All the important facts are required (color of eyes, color of hair, number of teeth, etc.—This helps the employer to tell whether you are the man he wants). On the back of the form, you are to list anything that might help the employer make his decision. There are many things, but you want to be hired. So you mention that you are a member of the E.S.S. and fill out the rest by elaborating on that organization.

On the day of the interview, you get up an hour earlier and wish you hadn't. Green slacks, blue coat, plaid shoelaces, neon bow tie et al. Sharp.

In class, as the classmates whistle, you plan for the interview. A note of coolness and confidence will be set by you. A model student—fool the man.

As the time of the interview approaches, you realize that since you had the afternoon off, you could have made the appointment for a

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AUDREY CARLSON
Electrical Engineers' Queen Candidate

ELAINE FEE

Elaine Fee, a captivating brunette with scintillating emerald eyes, is the first year engineers' choice for Queen of the Engineers' Ball. This 5' 5", 18 year old first year Pharmacy student, hails from Edmonton, having taken her high school education at Westglen and Victoria Composite. Being very active in the school and community activities, she has been Society Convener at Vic, on the council of the Y teens and the Edmon-teens, a cheerleader, and a swimming teacher at the "Y". She has also been a fashion model, the reasons for this being obvious.

Elaine is very fond of both indoor and outdoor sports, basketball and swimming being her favorites. An avid music fan, she plays the piano superbly. She likes movies, dancing and coffee at Tuck. Engineers rate highest with her, although she gets on well with everyone, even artsmen. Her present ambition is to master the use of the slide rule, but as yet she hasn't found anyone to teach her. Her glowing personality, flashing smile and friendly manner make her the natural choice for Queen.

So MEN, for a real Queen, vote for ELAINE FEE, the engineer's dream.



ROSEMARY HALL
Petroleum Engineers' Queen Candidate

Eighteenth Annu

AUDREY CARLSON

Edmonton's lovely gift to the campus is Audrey Carlson, the Electrical Engineers' choice as representative of the polls this Friday, and your Queen of the Engineers' Ball.

Our 18 year old gal is a blue eyed blonde and an artistic arrangement of 5' 7". Among her favorite interests are engineers, and watching football, hockey and basketball. She is also a pianist and enjoys the modern beats.

Audrey attended both Glenora and Westglen in her public school and high school days. It was here that her enchanting smile went to work on the boys, and now it has got us too. She prefers men clad in casual sport jackets and slacks, and has a weakness for guys with broad shoulders.

Her ambition in life is to become a dietitian and marry an engineer—quite a combination for one of us lucky fellows.

We sincerely hope you find this pretty House Ec. freshette as full of spirit as YOUR Queen of the Campus—Queen of the 1956 Engineer's Ball.



ELAINE FEE
First Year Queen Candidate

ROSEMARY HALL

Vivacious, talented and popular are some of the words you may use to describe the Petroleums' candidate for Engineers' Queen. Born in Winnipeg 18 years ago, Rosemary has lived in Ft. William, Regina, Calgary and Red Deer. Now in her first year of Arts, she is majoring in Phil-Psych.

Rosemary holds a gold medal for figure skating, competed in the Western Canada Championships, and in the Canadian Championship in 1954. Rosemary is a member of the University figure skating team and is a pledge in the Kappa Alpha Theta Fraternity.

She was also a candidate for queen of the Red Deer Composite High School.

She is 5' 6" tall, and her pretty face and sparkling grey eyes are framed by shining brown hair. She owns two horses, is a staunch Calgary Stampeders football fan and her favorite color is blue, so wear those jackets, boys! Among her pet peeves are Chem 40, 8:30 lectures and the shortage of late leaves at Pembina.

Third and fourth year Petroleums are understandably proud of their charming candidate and believe Rosemary would be a gracious Engineers' Queen.

Engineers' Ball

MARIE PETERSON

The charming girl pictured here is Marie Peterson, who has been chosen by the second year engineers as their candidate for Engineers' Queen.

Marie is an Edmonton girl, born here about nineteen years ago. She graduated from Scona High School and is now registered in the Faculty of Education.

Marie has many and diversified interests, the main one being music, in which she has obtained her piano teacher's degree—after thirteen years of work. She is a member of the Mixed Chorus and also has a certificate as a Junior Choir leader. She even manages to find time for engineers, swimming, bowling, dancing and badminton.

Her blue eyes, light brown hair and shapely 5' 6" figure attract a lot of attention on the campus although the engineers don't see her as much as they would like to because of the isolation of the Education Building.

January the 31st is the nineteenth anniversary of Marie's arrival on earth. The second year engineers feel it is only proper that a girl of her charm and personality should be given a present—That of Queen of the Ball.



MARIE PETERSON
Second Year Engineers' Queen Candidate

SANDRA McDONALD

Pert vivacious Sandra McDonald is indeed the toast of the town, and of the Civil Engineers. For anyone interested in vital statistics, Sandy is 5' 4" tall, 118 pounds, deep blue eyes and a winning smile. She was born in Edmonton and is 19 years old. At university she is majoring in Phil-psychology. Who could want the attentions of a prettier brain-shrinker!

In Edmonton, Sandy went to St. Mary's high school, where she boosted student theatre attendance by joining the drama club.

Sandra enjoys swimming, horse-back riding, chinese food and dancing—especially with, in her words, "The gentlemen of the campus, the engineers". This last summer she added golf to her list of sporting achievements. She is also an accomplished pianist, at one time winning a medal for her artistry. Her statement at press-time, "I'm still not sure of what the campaign is about but I know I'm going to enjoy it."

So fellows, in order to uphold the reputation of the engineers as gentlemen of taste and understanding, the best possible choice for queen is the Civils' Sandra McDonald.



SANDRA McDONALD
Civil Engineers' Queen Candidate

NAT SKREPNECK

The Chemical Engineers introduce their candidate for Queen of the Engineer's Ball. Nat Skrepneck, with her sparkling personality and pleasant disposition coupled with her pretty face and eyes, jet black hair, and her beautiful figure, is the most queenly candidate in the running.

Nat was born in 1937 in Vegreville. She grew up and received her schooling in Two Hills, graduating from high school there in 1955. Here at university she is in first year House Ec.

The time that is left when studying is done Nat likes to spend in the kitchen. Her cooking and baking has a wonderful taste that defies description. She also likes the home handicrafts; her needlework shows the painstaking care of a loving hand. Some of her other pleasures are dancing and listening to good music, both popular and classical.

After graduation Nat will work in dietetics and perhaps fulfill her ambition to travel. She has always wanted to see Hawaii, and lately has added Europe to her list of travel hopes.

In closing we thank Fred Otto for his work as campaign manager. We also wish Nat the best of everything for the future, and hope you too will see that Nat is the girl for Queen of the Ball.



NAT SKREPNECK
Chemical Engineers' Queen Candidate

A BARE TALE

By Duke A. Bore

Hello fans! I received my first big assignment of the New Year the other day. My job was to make a short summary of the most popular campus sports. I supposed this to mean I was to gather together several prominent figures and write them up in briefs. At first I was delighted but there's more to looking up these figures than would appear on the surface. During the rigorous course of my survey I encountered many false leads but I did manage to come up with the following facts.

Football was cut short this year with the early snowfall in perhaps what may be its last year with the quad as a practise field. With the erection of the new Administration Bldg. there will no longer be the familiar scene of the boys kicking balls around on the green expanses in front of the residences.

Last fall's track meet showed several keen competitions with a particularly large turnout of boys for the broad jumping event. The obvious winner was easily decided, however, as he won hands down over everyone else.

In Frontier's Day competition constant practise in classes paid off for several fellows as they won going away in the log sawing contest.

In basketball the former cur-vacious markings on the floor known as the "key" have taken on the famed Christian Dior "flat look" supposedly to make the tall men keep their distance on free throws to give the shorter fellows a chance.

This year the hockey craze seems

to have given way to figure skating. That's right, fellows who formerly played hockey have taken up the finer sport of figure skating which proves once and for all that U. of A. has icier women than any other university.

Well fans that's it for on-campus sports up until now—hope you've enjoyed yourself. And now it's back to the figures for me—I'll be seeing you soon again!!!

"I just found out your uncle's an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a doctor."

"Nope, I just said he followed the medical profession."

Little Johnny, with a grin, Drank up all of Pappy's gin, Mother said, when he was plastered "Go to bed, you little love-child."

Doctor: How do you feel when you actually kill a man, Captain? Captain: Not so bad. How about you?

HERE IS THE ANSWER

WHAT IS A LAWYER?

Come here the sad story of Chocktaw BcBain

Who had operation—removal of brain.

He'd taken engineering but now poor Chocktaw

Was admirably suited to go into law.

To law he did go where he made quite a hit

By his marvelous brain, (or the absence of it)

He entered the faculty, keen and intent

And, being so dull, was made class president.

His senile raving and ignorance crass Meant he graduated the head of his class.

And so you can see it is just as I said You don't need a brain to take law, dent or med.

With varsity over a girl he did find Who, twenty years long had been out of her mind

He wanted to wed her but she said "No chum

I never could do it; I'm not quite that dumb."

This story proves though it gives us great pains

That lawyers are engineers minus their brains.

An engineer, just to make this complete

Has got more I.Q. in the soles of his feet.

Those Bloody Engineers

Panic-stricken meds are in a quandry. What did it? is the foremost question asked in the inner sanctum of these sacred circles. Why? Why? Why?

At the University Hospital last week a woman was rushed into Maternity, literally and figuratively. She was found to be in desperate need of a blood transfusion which was rapidly administered with no malice a forethought. Ten hours later she was delivered a bouncing baby boy. On first sight the babe appeared a little queer. On closer inspection his upper extremities and thoracic expanse appeared a dark blue with the exception of a white two figure number on his upper right chest and white stripes around his waists, wrists and neck.

At the Royal Alexandra Hospital in the same week an unfortunate oil driller was treated for multiple fractures which included the arms, back and legs. Since he was in a state of extreme shock, a transfusion of blood was administered. On completion of the transfusion, he leaped from his bed hiccuping loudly and staggered down the hall, singing lewd songs about a lady named "Godiva".

A report from Peace River informed Medical circles of a strange but interesting case in which a child of three weeks, suffering from blood shot eyes, received a needed transfusion. On recovery from this dreadful affliction, so well known by University students, the child refused any form of nourishment but milk with a large head of foam, and later degenerated to such a state that it would tolerate nothing but beer forty times a day.

Needless to say these occurrences have plugged the scientific minds of the endocrinologists, the otolaryngologists and indeed, the whole medical profession, into a frantic frenzy of research. They have made this startling discovery—all three of these patients received blood donated by lusty, hot blooded members of the ESS.

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR—

This is a contribution from the Meds and any misprints, misleading facts, and plain ridicule is wholly their responsibility.

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ESS Research

Editor's Note: The following is an excerpt from a technical paper presented to the E.S.S. (Enjoyment of Sex Society) by Dr. I. P. Parabolic. Dr. Parabolic is a graduate of Girdle U. and is presently employed by the Foundation Co. of Bulging, Mass.

Extensive research into the field (bedroom) of the stress-strain relationship existing in the human female form has led to drastic revision in the present theories concerning the stability of structures. Although the female is poorly constructed, no decision has been reached as to whether this is the fault of the designer, contractor, or the man who tested the finished product.

The designer can be held directly responsible for the poorly constructed underpinnings which have a general tendency to bow (lateral deflection). The central portion of the structure spreads with age and is commonly held in check with foundations (misnomer). The reproductive machinery, located in this region, has proven uneconomical due to lack of use and at the same time distorts the shape of the structure when in full production.

Due to the present popular demand, breast works are necessary to complete the aesthetic beauty of the structure but from an engineering viewpoint (strictly the theory of structures) the added weight is unnecessary. Semi-permanent falsework is required to maintain this part of the structure in proper proportion, and although the proportions are somewhat exaggerated, it has been found necessary in some cases to provide falsework to support falsework and resulting inflation increases the upkeep.

Buttresses are usually included in an engineering works to prevent movement of angles or joints, but it would appear that the female form buttresses are included to enhance the movement and improve the angles. However, it has been found in practise, that promising young engineers have found the answer for getting around this problem.

Customer: I know how you can sell twice as much beer.

Bartender: How?

Customer: Fill the glasses.

"Does your wife miss you?"

"No. She throws remarkably well for a woman."

Dinner guest: Will you please pass the nuts, Professor?

Professor, absent-mindedly: Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them.

Mary: I went to the movies yesterday and had to change my seat three times.

Helen: Heavens! Did a man get fresh?

Mary: Finally.

"What was the hardest thing you learned at college?" asked the proud father.

"How to open beer bottles with a quarter," said the son.

Landlady: A professor formerly occupied this room, sir. He invented an explosive.

New roomer: I presume those spots on the ceiling are the explosive.

Landlady: No, they're the professor.

"Did you make the debating team?"

"No. They s-said I w-w-wasn't-t-t-tall enough."

Prof.: Have you been through calculus?

Freshman: Not unless I passed through it at night on my way here. I'm from Kansas, you know.

The fair village was all agog over the annual spelling bee. One by one the contestants dropped out and even the fair schoolmarm was eliminated when she stumbled over "psittacosis".

At last only two remained, the village druggist and the stableman, who was an Englishman.

They waited eagerly for the word. It came:

"How do you spell 'auspice'?"

The stableman lost.

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Brainy

Continued from Page 1

INTERESTED IN BRAINS

We found Prof. Dr. I. S. Brainy, the world famous brain specialist at home. Asked about the skull he said with highly emotional voice: "I am not interested in that stupid skull at all . . . I mean to say the study of that skull is in the hands of my very valued friend and colleague Prof. Dr. Sk. Digger, who knows more about skulls than I do. I am only interested in brains and which foolish stupid criminal son of a gun . . . I mean to say, I am only interested in brains and I should like to have on my lab table the brains

that have been bedded in that skull.

SIGNS

All the signs are there that they were the brains of a genius. Such brains in the medical profession would bring Methusalas; . . . I mean to say they could be of inestimable help in detecting what makes a genius and what a medical student . . . I mean to say they could further the study of the brains enormously and especially give us a better insight in the for the experts still unsolved question whether we have to look for special professions to find the brains of geniuses"

When we left Prof. I. S. Brainy we heard him saying: "Unsolved . . . ? Yes for all those stupidest of stupid, but not anymore for me . . . not after this case . . ."

MYSTERY SOLVED!
MEDS MURDERERS!!

Just before the closing minute of this edition the office boy in our newsroom came running in, jumped on a chair behind a typewriter, hollered: "I have the story", and started pounding on the typewriter. Here is his last minute story, unedited.

BY PETE

Coffin Boy, Gatepost

There is nothing mysterious in the case of the missing engineering student. If we started writing about all these cases, we would need twice as many papermills in this country as we have now. The whole mystery is that it happened now to a splendid yong fellow in this faculty. It is the case of the blunder. Start writing about them and you can fill 96 pages every day with all the different cases. Luckily we have doctors in this country, else we wouldn't be nearing the 16 million but the 6 million mark. And in a few years only hardy souls would be left. All the work of the engineering department would have been done in vain. These engineers use their brains and develop this country of ours. Those quacks work only for the development of the kind of Home, which undermines our country. Only one of their detrimental acts in unraveled. There are millions more, but I haven't time nor am I inclined to look after them. I remember what my grandmother told me; Honor the good doctor, but stay out of his way. She told me a lot more that I have forgotten. However, something like the following is still mulling around in the back of my head: Go two block out of your way to miss a medical student, because he thinks he knows all.

WHAT HAPPENED

And now, what has happened? The brilliant engineering student Splen Didders got a sliver in the little finger of his left hand. He tried to get it out with a needle, but it broke off. He told his landlady that he would be away for a few

moments, and walked to one of the medical clinics. Obviously he thought that it would be a matter of a few seconds for a fellow, who knows his business, to get that sliver out. These few seconds became the longest seconds anyone has ever encountered. His bad luck was that he met in the clinic one of those fellows who start to think. When he showed the sliver in his finger and requested its removal the med said: "That is curious . . . that is curious." Splen answered: "I don't see anything curious. Take a knife or a big needle and take it out, that is all there is to it." "Yes, I shall do it," said the med, "but I need some help." "Help?", asked Splen.

THE SAME THOUGHT

At that moment another med came in. The two looked at the finger and started talking. "Curious", said number one, "that such a sliver can penetrate the skin and sink so deep into the flesh." "I was thinking the same," said number two. Then number three walked in. He bent over the finger, looked on top of it, on the underside, on the sides, and said: "That is curious . . . that is curious." "Our words exactly," said the other two. In came number four. He started looking Splen all over, looked at his tongue, in his eyes, pressed on his neck, all over his body, and said: "A curious case". Then all four started talking and all the names of the great in the medical world passed over and over again. There was a rim-ram of medical terms, during which no part of the body was forgotten and everyone was dizzy.

See "SOLVED" Page 8



E. E. Prof. Settles Down



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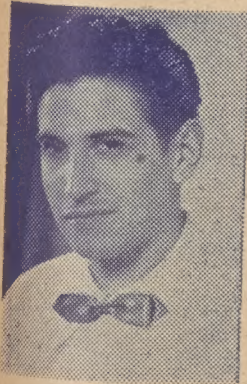
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ALSCRAPBOOK

Once upon a time three little pigs appeared in court. The first little pig was obviously very, very embarrassed, and the judge, (feeling sorry for him) said kindly, 'And what is the charge against you, little pig?' 'Making bubbles in the mud, Sir,' he shyly replied. Puzzled, the judge asked him to step down, and, calling the second little pig to the stand, put the same question to him. This little pig, just as embarrassed as the first said, 'Making bubbles in the mud, Sir.' At this point the judge turned to the arresting officer and reprimanded him severely for wasting the Court's time in such trivial matters, since there was no earthly reason why little pigs shouldn't make bubbles in the mud if they wanted to. Merely as a formality, he called the third little pig to the stand as a preliminary to dismissing the case. 'And I suppose you're here on the same ridiculous charge?' he said. The little pig, squirming in embarrassment and turning as red as a little pig can, said 'Well—ah—I'm Bubbles, Sir.'

-- -- -- --

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A corpulent Maiden named Croll
Had an idea—exceedingly droll;
At a masquerade ball
Dressed in nothing at all,
She backed in as a Parker House roll.

A rancher in Texas crossed cattle and buffaloes and got cattleos. We know of a showgirl on Broadway who crossed calves and got mink.

A Boston sub-deb named Brooks
Whose hobby was reading sex books
Ensnares her a Cabot,
Who looked like a rabbit
And deftly lived up to his looks.

In the grammar class, one day, the teacher wrote on the blackboard: "I didn't have no fun at the seaside."
Then she turned around to her pupils and said to one: "Roland, how should I correct that?"
"Get a boyfriend."

Sonny: Pop, what's an optimist?
Pop: An optimist is a man who thinks his wife has quit smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar stubs in the house.

Friend: I understand your wife is a finished singer.
Man: No, not yet. But the neighbors almost got her last night.

He: Did you know that tunnel we just came through is two miles long and cost \$12,000,000?
She (fixing her hair): Well, it was worth it.

Waitress: We have almost everything on the menu today.
Diner: So I see. Bring me a clean one so I can read it.

"Who gave the bride away?"
"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."

The Meds, bright as they may be, never seem to be able to improve on the time-tested methods of their profession upon graduation. After years of study and research, the safest method of birth control still seems to be to take a glass of water upon retiring—and that's all.

MORALSCRAPBOOK

On doormat of house of ill repute—"Welcome—the drawers always open!

Ever hear how the Med got the bump on his head? He was getting his girl some toilet water and the lid fell down.

The young fellow had wheedled two weeks vacation out of his boss so that he and his bride could go to Jasper for their honeymoon. As the end of the two heavenly weeks loomed up, he sent his boss a telegram: 'It's wonderful here. Request another week off.' His boss replied immediately: 'Come back at once; it's wonderful anywhere.'

Watching the retreating backs of some U. of A. co-eds, we are reminded of two little boys fighting under a blanket.

In Boston, a music critic wrote, while reviewing a symphony concert: 'During the performance of this number, the kettle-drummer sat, like Buddha, contemplating his navel.' The managing editor, knowing Bostonian tastes (similar to those of some U. of A. administrators), ordered he presses stopped and the offending word chiseled out of the stereotype. In later editions Bostonians read: 'During the performance of this number, the kettle-drummer sat, like Buddha, contemplating his _____.'

She was only a stockbroker's daughter, but everyone got his share.

Nurse's Lament: 'I wish I could drink like a lady
(One or two at the most).
Three and I'm under the table,
Four and I'm under the Host.'

If you think the Gatepost's humor is a trifle frank, all you have to do is take a ride in a city bus to read about "The brassiere that's "Out In Front".'

DEFINITIONS

Baby: Something with a lot of noise at one end and complete lack of responsibility at the other.

Brassiere: Device that makes mountains out of molehills.

Conscience: That which hurts when everything else feels good.

Chivalry: A man's inclination to defend a woman from any man but himself.

Kiss: Uptown shopping for downtown business or upper persuasion for lower invasion.

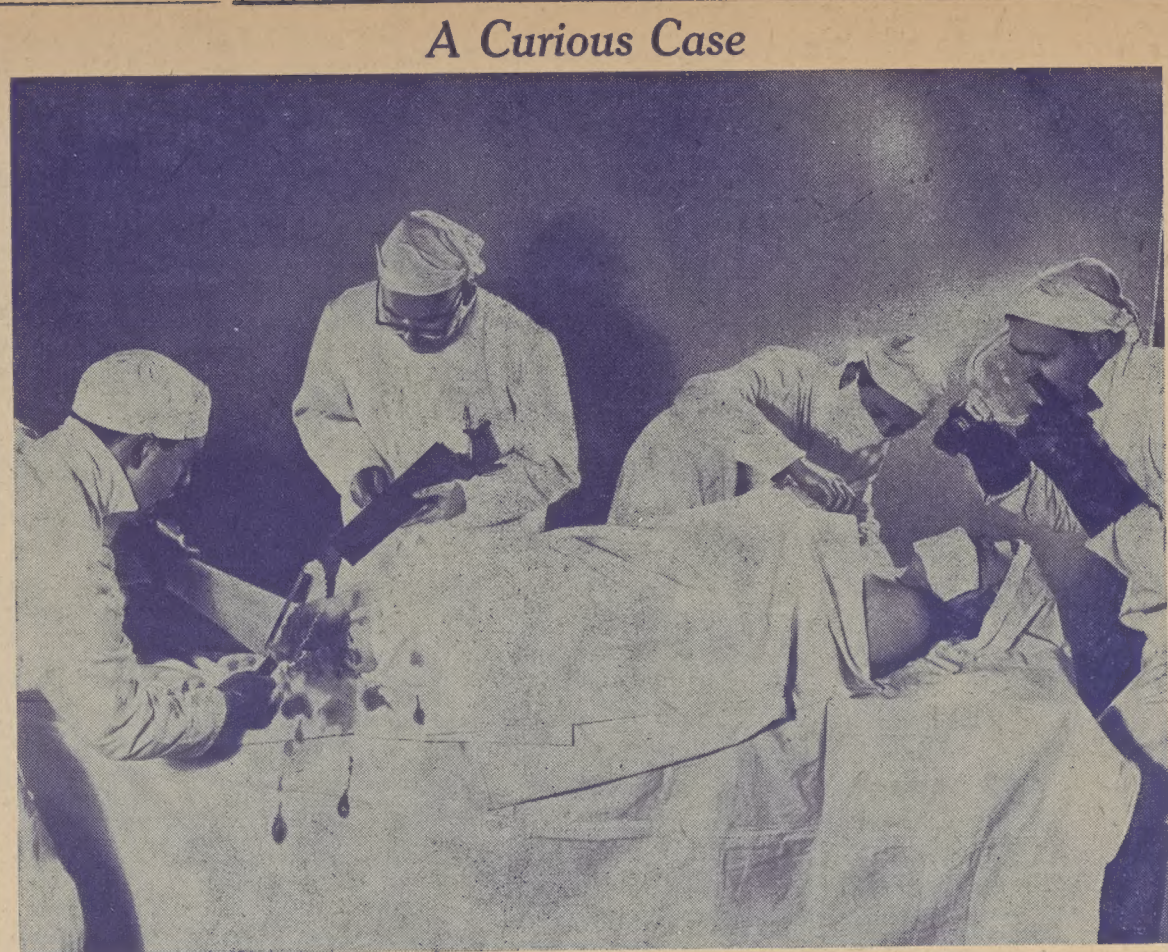
Middle Aged Woman: A build in a girdled cage.

Minuteman: A fellow who double parks in front of a house of ill repute.

Nursery: A place to put last year's fun until it grows up.

Pan Handler: A nurse.

Passion: A feeling you feel when you feel you are to feel a feeling you never felt before.



A Curious Case

Solved

Continued from Page 7

STARTED TO WORK

Then they started to work. One took a saw and sawed Splen's right leg off. Another one said: "better take the left leg, too". Off came the left leg. Number three mumbled something like "pituitary gland" and off came the head. Number four, who hadn't done too much till that moment—he had taken off only two fingers and one hand—said: "It is always possible that the cause can be in some part of the brains. I have heard or read something about such a case. We better look into that part now also."

FOUR FAINTED

The Indians did a nicer job of scalping than he did in taking off the top part of the skull. When they saw the brains, all four fainted. When they got their breath and consciousness again, they said with one voice: "Never seen such splendid brains. Till now we have been getting only the brains of criminals or the odd doctor, who wanted to help us. We need more brains of these fellows."

Then someone said: "Curious . . . curious . . . he is dead."

I don't want to tell the sordid story of how they discarded the body. It will be clear to every engineering student that the quacks are after his brains and it will be still clearer that in every medical building, clinic, hospital or room where meds show up this sign should be erected in the biggest possible type:

LIVE, BUT LET LIVE.

Incident

The Social Spotlight of the week was focused on the Wauneita Lounge as Miss Mammie Simpson did the honors at the Wauneita Society Tea. All the members exhibited the versatility of plastic and wood fabrics by wearing their synthetic best. However, the pleasant afternoon was marred when Miss Simpson, showing signs of passing years, dropped her dainty teacup on her western (complete with belt and holster) afternoon dress fashioned entirely of knotty pine.

"I want to get a bottle of gin for my wife."
"That sounds like a good swap."

Girl: Do you believe in free love?
Boy: Have I ever sent you a bill?

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